THE CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

"PERPETUAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY." FOR "POWER IS ALWAYS STEALING FROM THE MANY TO THE FEW."

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AGENTS.
Col. R. M. Cochran, Mecklenburg, N. C.
Chas. W. Harris, Mill Grove, N. C.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MARCH, 1848.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	MOON'S PHASES.
9 Thursday.	6 13	5 47	
10 Friday.	6 12	5 48	*For March, 1848.*
11 Saturday.	6 11	5 49	D. H. M.
12 Sunday.	6 9	5 50	New 5 7 56 morn'g
13 Monday.	6 8	5 51	First 11 11 20 even'g.
14 Tuesday.	6 7	5 52	Full 19 3 41 aft'n.
15 Wednesday	6 6	5 53	Last 27 8 58 even'g.

POETRY.

The Play things.

CHILD.

Oh! mother, here's the very top
That brother used to spin;
The vase with seeds I've seen him drop
To call our robin in:
The line that held his pretty kite,
His bow, his cap and ball,
The slate on which he learned to write,
The feather, cap, and all.

MOTHER.

My dear, I'd put the things away,
Just where they were before:
Go, Anne, take him out to play,
And shut the closet door.
Sweet innocent! he little thinks,
The slightest thought expressed
Of him that's gone, how deep it sinks
Within a mother's breast.

Miscellaneous.

HUMOROUS NICHE
FILLED BY
JEMMY CRITUS.

We have concented to fill this niche occasionally, with something humorous, either selected or original: this week it will be occupied by a gem from that popular publication, the Western Continent:

TAKEALL EASY.

BY HIRAM HARDCASTLE

Takeall Easy had his counterpart in every town. Who doesn't know, among his acquaintances, a Takeall Easy that bears the "ills that flesh is heir to," without grumbling at his lot, jogging along with a slow and easy step, and a smiling face, as much as to say, "I bear my fate the best I can?" Easy loved his segar and his punch, but Easy had a wife, who wouldn't let him indulge in the luxury of a smoke, nor in the delectable and palatable employment of sipping a glass of punch—at least, beneath her roof. But Takeall Easy, though his spouse exercised on him a rigorous vigilance, *would* have his segar and his whiskey punch—albeit he suffered much in the way of sundry curtain lectures, and curtailment of domestic felicity. As we said, Takeall Easy was what is termed in vulgar phrase, "a good natured man," meaning, in transcendental vernacular, "a person whose equanimity is not easily provoked." He had, besides his good nature, an abundance of affection for, what he termed, "old habits." It was not therefore, to be wondered at, that he put up with his wife's frequent lectures for the sake of his segars and punch.

One night, Easy came home in a state "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." It was already on the verge of two o'clock, and his impatient wife was waiting up for him, with a preparation, to be administered in wholesome doses, known to henpecked husbands under the general title of "midnight dissertations."

"Cuss this 'ere bell! It won't ring. Now, I should like to know what business my wife has to go and lock this 'ere door. She's a great critter—she is! Now, when I goes in, I knows just 'xactly what's cumin. First, she'll begin a cousen up to me, just to smell if I've been drinkin anything. But she shan't smell my breth this 'ere blessed night, no how. What in the name of thunder's got into the bell to make it so it won't ring!"

Unlike her worthy husband, Mrs. Takeall Easy was an irascible person, given to scolding and cunning. On this occasion, with a view to punish Takeall, she had stuffed the bell with rags, and, nursing her wrath the while, had shut herself in wait, in all her majesty of an injured wife, to greet the coming of her lord.

"Now, I wonder where in creation Easy is, this time o' night," she soliloquized, just a few minutes before that worthy individual made his essay at the door bell. "I wonder if he's with Brown or Jones? What business has married men to leave their own homes, and go about nights playing cards, and drinkin and smokin and committing with their breaths sundun with liquor and tobacco? But I'll teach my lazy good for-nothing husband that he aint got a woman to nuss him, and take care of him for nothing—that I will. There's the bell! Wonder how he feels when he finds the bell muffled. Well, I'll just let him stand there for a while, till he gets cold, and begs me to let him in—the good-for-nothing!"

Takeall Easy rang the bell several times, and yet no answering sound greeted his impatient ear.

"That old 'coman o' mine's a bird. I believe in my heart she's done something to the bell. If it's all right, why, then I'm cursed—that's all!"

Just then, the window shutters partially opened, and disclosed the head of Mrs. Easy, enveloped in a night cap which had once been white. Takeall deliberately placed his shoulder against the wall, and commenced in earnest to test the qualities of the bell-wire. At intervals he would stop to listen, but not so much as a "tinkle" reached his ear.

He gave another emphatic jerk.

"Now, if this 'ere don't beat all natur, to have one's feelins excited in this way. I may as well give it up for a bad job. 'Human natur is human natur,' as the man says in the play, and I can't stand this 'ere no longer. Mrs. Easy shall know my mind when I has the happiness to look upon her interesting phiz—mahogany in the morning. So, here goes for a nap on the steps. Ugh! but it's cold! This is a interesting situation for a man of family and a gentleman."

There was a time when Easy could have got in at any hour of the night; but that was when the endearing words, "It's me, my dear!" had not lost their potency. "A change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and poor Easy found himself, in a few short months after married, notwithstanding his early prospects of undisputed rule, a poor, miserable, henpecked husband, without a wish that was not amended and shared, or disapproved and destroyed, by the feminine half of the connubial team. Man was made to rule, and woman to rely on man for protection and support; but, in the case of unfortunate Easy, the universal admission was rejected.

Mrs. Takeall Easy discovered early symptoms, in her spouse, of a natural desire to take all things easy in this life, which consequently begat a kind of lethargy concerning his worldly affairs; and forgetting his early promise "to love, honor, and obey," she assumed her husband's prerogatives, and, in her turn, began an ironrule over Easy. This arose from two causes—viz: the indifference manifested by Easy for his worldly prosperity, and a repugnance to oppose Mrs. Easy in her assumption of the reigns of government in his household. Poor Easy!

"Easy! *Mister* Easy!" exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman—"Where's Easy, in such silvery accents? Oh, dear, (hic) there was a time when an unfortunate man like me would be in his (hic) bed afore this, instead of snoozing away on his own stepsister this 'ere (hic) fashion, and——"

A loud snore put a finish to the sentence.

"*Easy!*"

The snore repeated.

"Easy, you *brut.*?"

Another snore.

Presently the door opened and the person of Mrs. Takeall Easy, flushed with rage, and looking like offended Juno, stood over the prostrate body of the unfortunate delinquent.

"You brute! Is this the way you come home o' nights to your loving wife, after spreeing with your disgraceful Jones's and Smith's and bein, the Lord knows where?" exclaimed Mrs. Easy, as she raised the person of her husband, and sent him sprawling into the entry.

"O! it's you, Mrs. Easy? Only you, Mrs. Easy?" cried Easy, looking up from his prostrate position into the face of his much offended spouse.

"Only me, you brute! Is that the way you speak to me, you drunken, ungrateful wretch, after my waiting up here these five hours, and savin you from going to the watch'ouse. Only me, indeed!"

"Now, Mrs. Easy, you see as how——"

"Don't go to argufyin yourself into the right. You aint got no excuse for this 'ere conduct—that you aint!"

"But, Mrs. Easy—(hic)

"Hang your 'buts!' Aint I an injured woman? Aint I sarten, a sitting up here till this time o' night, a waitin and waitin for you, when I ought to have been in my comfortable bed asleep?—And all this comes of your drinkin and frolickin and a busin yourself like a good-for-nothing beast as you are. Oh, Easy, you'——"

"Well, but, now, Mrs. E., just listen to me on minute. Aint you got a bed to go to?—(hic)—And aint you got a husband to provide for your wants 'em?—(hic—And don't you do just as you please? Now (hic) aint it fair——"

"Hold your tongue, you sot; you're so drunk you don't know what you're sayin."

"Drunk! drunk, (hic) Mrs. E.? Madam, you don't know me. I'm no more drunk than you, Mrs. E (hic.) Well, as I was sayin, aint it fair that I should have some enjoyment to myself, now and then, (hic) 'specially when I don't interfere with your 'pposites, (hic) Mrs. E? But to say I'm drunk, is a imputation on my character, and——"

"*Your* character? Why, you aint got none. What little you ever had is all gone long ago by your vicious habits. You to talk 'bout character!—you good for-nothing!"

Here ended the colloquy between the Easy's, for Mrs. E. laid her stout arm upon the collar of Easy's upper garment and began dragging him after her, which employment, to judge by her progress, seemed in a fair way of accomplishment, until Easy, indignant at such rough usage, seized hold of the bannisters, to which he pertinaciously clung, in spite of his wife's endeavors to release his hold.

"Now, Mrs E., come; I'll compromise with you and square off."

But Mrs. E was not so easily pacified. She had sat from nine till two watching for his return, and was not going to compromise till she had some satisfaction, in the way of a regular blow out on old habits and late hours, for the deprivation of sleep and rest. There are many Mrs. Easys in the world; but Mr. E. thought that his particular Mrs. E. was about the worst of the tribe of Easys.

By some extraordinary means known only to the enterprizing wife, Easy was put in bed, and in due time, Mrs. E. occupied her place by his side.

"Now, Lizzy," drawled Takeall, "you see I have old notions and you have old notions. Now, my notions aint like your'n, 'cause they differs in several ways. Now, as for smokin, that 'ere's a habit of mine that's grow'd on me. But as for drinkin——"

Here a "Fuge!" broke forth from the lips of Mrs E. and put an end to poor Easy's speech, which he designed as a sort of conciliatory means to induce a compromise in the matter. Then Mrs. E., in a tone peculiarly adapted to the occasion, time and place entered into a spirited review of his past conduct, from which she naturally passed into a sort of speculative discussion of what was to be the inevitable future. Mrs. Easy was unusually eloquent on this occasion; the late Mrs. Caudle herself could not have acquitted herself better. It was a sort of paraphrase of, and enlargement on the Declaration of Independence, in which, after setting forth how that when, in the course of domestic events, it became necessary for the wife to talk to her husband, it was her duty to do so, and reminding him of certain self-evident truths, and asserting her inalienable rights, she entered in to a recapitulation of the many grievances for which she had repeatedly clamored redress, and pointed out the inevitable consequences of their continued repetition; adding the declaration, that she held husbands as she held rest of mankind—gentlemen, when good; when bad, brutes. She concluded by asserting that it was the fate of poor, innocent, unsuspecting woman, by trusting to the promises of wicked, deceiving men, to sacrifice their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors.

* * * * * *

The clock struck the hour of three. The musical intonations of Mrs. Easy's voice had long ago induced sleep to visit the eyes of her erring Easy.

"Easy, it's hard——"

Snore!

"*Easy!*"

Snore!

Here ended Mrs. Easy's efforts for the reformation of her husband for that night. She drew the clothes around her, and after arranging in her mind the heads of a discourse for the morning, on the same interesting subject, with the resignation of an injured, broken hearted wife, she resigned her gentle spirit to the keeping of Morpheus. In a short time, in beautiful harmony, Mrs. E. echoed her husband's loud.

SNORE!

HONEST TREACHERY.

A young man who was travelling in one of the public coaches, was much interested by the accounts of robberies which his fellow passengers were detailing. An old gentleman mentioned that he always took the precaution of secreting his money in his boot, merely keeping a little silver for his incidental expenses in his pocket. The old gentleman appeared to be captivated by the politeness and intelligence of the young man, to whom he addressed much of his conversation, and the young man was equally pleased with the kindness and ubanity of his elder companion. Thus some hours were passed agreeably, when just at nightfall, as they were passing a wild and lonely moor, the coach was stopped by robbers, who rifled the pockets of those nearest them, giving the old man a hearty execration for having his purse so badly furnished. They came last to the young man, who was seated in the far corner, and demanded his purse.

"I never carry any money," said he.

"We will not take your word for that," said his assailants.

"Indeed, I don't," said the young man; "my uncle always pays for us both, and there he is," continued he, pointing to the old gentleman, "and he has got our money in his boot."

The old gentleman was dragged from the coach, his boot pulled off, and three ten pound notes were found. He was then suffered to resume his seat, and the coach drove on. Hot was his anger, and bitter were his upbraidings against his betrayer, whom he did not hesitate to accuse of treachery and pusillanimity. The young man listened in silence, as if ashamed and conscience stricken. They passed over some miles, and at length reached an inn by the wayside. The travellers alighted, and, in going in, the young man requested that the old man would allow him to say a few words in private. They retired into a room by themselves.

"I have not only to ask your pardon, my dear Sir," said the young man; "but to thank you for the fortunate expedient with which your confidence furnished me, and to hand to you thirty pounds, in lieu of that which I appeared so unceremoniously to point out to the robbers. I am sure you will forgive me when I tell you that the note case in my pocket contained notes for five hundred pounds the loss of which would have been ruinous to me."

It need scarcely be added that the uncle shook hands cordially with his young acquaintance, and took him into more marked favor than ever.

THE CASE OF MRS. GAINES.

The Supreme Court of the United States has at length decided in favor of the claims of Mrs. General Gaines to large possessions in the State of Louisiana, belonging to her late father, Daniel Clark. The case has gone through all the minor courts for the last twelve years, with opposition and success, until it has reached the highest tribunal of the country, where justice has been finally rendered.

The case altogether is full of romance. Daniel Clark was one of the early settlers of New Orleans at the time we purchased Louisiana, and was possessed of large tracts of land and property in the city and State. He was also an active politician, and a man of enlarged views and considerable talent. He had two daughters, who we believe he early sent North for the benefit of their education; and being taken suddenly ill, he died before having time to make his arrangements as to the disposal of his property. It is presumed he left a will; but immediately on his death his papers and property were taken possession of by two of his friends, calling themselves executors; and as he had no other white persons with him when he died, all testimony as to his declarations were confined to these two, who went on to arrange the estate and dispose of the property. Mrs. Gaines was taken into the family of Col. Davis, of Philadelphia, and brought up by him as his own daughter. Col. Davis was the friend of the New Orleans executors, and we presume they furnished the means of the young lady's education and support, with the understanding that she was to know no other father; and we well remember Myra Davis, a sprightly little girl, going to Mrs. Bazley's school in that city.

When arrived at the age of womanhood, still believing herself the daughter of Col. Davis, she married Mr. Whitney, a son of Gen. Whitney of Binghampton, N. Y; and then, by some means which we do not now recollect, discovered that she was the daughter of Daniel Clark. Herself and husband proceeded to New Orleans, and called on the executors of her affairs. They scouted the idea of her being the daughter and heiress of Daniel Clark, and she commenced a suit for the recovery of *her property. For some publication in the papers charging the executors with fraud,* they threw Mr. Whitney into prison, where he died of yellow fever, leaving the young widow alone among powerful opponents, to seek justice where she could obtain it.

With indomitable perseverance, however, limited resources, and few friends, she carried on the suit, pleading her own cause, and proceeding from court to court, and obtained decisions in her favor. Gen. Gaines struck with her wonderful energy of character, and admiring her fine talents, married her, and determined himself, on her behalf, to carry on the suit, until at length it has been decided in her favor, and without doubt justly. She had been defrauded of her rights, and almost any other woman would have sunk under the perplexing difficulties and embarrassments of such a protracted suit.

The property, consisting of plantations and lots in and near the city of New Orleans, is now worth millions, and ejectment suits will no doubt press heavily on its present holders; but Mrs. Gaines is a woman all heart, and will so compromise the claims as to make the loss fall lightly on the sufferers, and still leave her a princely fortune. All who are the friends of the orphan and of justice, will rejoice in the issue of this case; and if the executors are alive, we envy them not their feelings on hearing of this decision. It should be a lesson to those entrusted with the settlement of estates, to act justly in the discharge of their duties.—*Noah's Times.*

A RESOLUTION.

"I will be married ere the year is out,"
Exclaimed a damsel, with an air devout;
"And if I can't do better, thereupon,
I'll e'en take Hobson's choice, and marry John!"
"A resolution worthy to be praised,"
Replied a friend, who heard her, much amazed—
"You might do worse than marry John, 'tis true,
But is it certain that he'll marry you?"

WELSH SAYINGS.

Three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue. Three things not easily done—to allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, to please all in every thing that is done. Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold. Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wood sword to a coward. Three warnings from the grave—thou knowest what I was, thou seest what I am, remember what thou art to be. Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a book's flood. Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the housewife. Three essential to a false story teller—a good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience. Three things seen in the peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil. Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse. Three miseries of a man's house—a smokey chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

THE CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Thursday, March 9, 1848.

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Principal Persons,	Occasional ones,
James K. Polk.	Henry Clay,
Cabinet.	General Taylor,
Balt. Convention.	" Scott,
Senator Bullion,	" Pillow.
" Cass.	Numerous retainers, officers, &c. in attendance.
Father Ritchie.	

Prologue.

A worthy contemporary of ours, lately had the pleasure, "*per se et se*"—through and by himself—of being appointed stage critic to a certain farce, which he said was acting before the "whole world;" and has given to the aforesaid world, the result of his criticism. Now a farce was not all that was acting, but a tragedy also; a tragedy we had the melancholy mortification, and grievously do we deplore it, of witnessing; a tragedy not "calculated, alone *to*, excite, but, whose principal actors *have excited*, the scorn, the merited, the richly won contempt and aversion, of every patriotic citizen of this republic.

We will not say who besides ourselves, were spectators, but as we recapitulate some of the events, of the tragical drama, some familiar scenes will be again brought to the reflection of the reader.

The first, and most distinguished of the "dramatis personæ," was James K. Polk; and as he retired to the "green room"* to get himself ready, that worthy stage manager, Baltimore Convention, followed him: this gentleman, this fussy manager.

Baltimore Convention—just mentioned, is a man of high sounding name, and most (in) famous pretensions, but we must let him speak for himself.

B. C. My Dear Mr. Polk! You must excuse me for instructing you, but I must show you how to act when you go upon the stage,

"Speak the speech, I pray as I pronounced it to you,
Trippingly on the tongue," and you'll catch the fancy
If you *do* fail, to win the judgments applause.
"But if you mouth it,
As many of our players do, I had as lief
The town crier had spoken my lines."

And then the audience would think. (Aside—Correctly too) that you were acting a part "cast" for you, and not letting your "own discretion be your tutor."

[Senator Benton enters.]

B. C. Ah, ha! I'm glad to see you, I was just telling my friend, I wished him so to act, that, twould not be thought, "some of nature's journeyman had made *such* a man." Aside, Albeit I'm the making of him.

Senator B. overhears the last remark. Aside—And you might have made *me.*

B. C. Assists Mr. Polk to dress.—There take this cap, (handing him a helme) and put it well on, and this "dickey," (giving him a cuirass) and this mantle, (a shield) the mantle of your illustrious father (grandfather I'll not mention) the elder Hickory. It will become so worthy a sapling; and these boots (greaves) will finish your attire, then with this pretty walking cane (sword) you can cut a swell. Come, I will assist thee in adjusting them, advise thee what to say, what do, and thou mayest go, and mind:

"Act well your part there all the honor lies."

J. K. P. You alarm my fears! These seem to me like to a coat of arms, of which I often read when at the University.

Senator B. Put them on, put them on, for you'll have need of them, for I tell you The Adhexation of Texas to the United States would be an adoption of the Mexican War with Mexico by the United States, and would devolve its conduct and conclusion upon the said United States."

(See Mr. Benton's Speech May 16th to 20th 1844.)

Ah yes! you'll need the shield, the helmet,
And the buckler, to war against it, if not
Your country's foes, your country's dearest friends.

J. K. P. Oh me! I'm in a strait which way shall I go? Where fly! what shall I do? what say?

B. C. Why say, "I'll ask nothing but what is right and
Submit to nothing that is wrong" let that be your text, your context and your annual sermon.
Here put this clothing (armor) on, and be
Prepared for all emergencies.

J. K. P. Is this the price of greatness?
Mine "are the plans of fair delightful peace"
As a poet I read at the University says—
But if I must, I must. (putting them on)
But (getting facetious) I vow they're lots too large.

B. C. Come get thee hence upon the stage
When there I'll leave thee in the charge of Father Ritchie an accomplished prompter; Hasten, the audience wish to see how well You'll act the part, of an eminent John Donkey.

*Dressing room of a Theatre.

Serio-Comico Tragedy,

ACT 1st.—*Scene First.*

LAID AT WASHINGTON.

INAUGURAL.

J. K. Polk. Ladies and Gentlemen,
This is a fine country of ours, happy country;
A remarkable people, a prosperous people;
And a fine man—I say it tho' that shouldn't say it—
A happy man, has been call'ed to preside
Over the destinies of this fine country
And this prosperous people. Yes ladies
And gentlemen, I feel on this occasion
Peculiarly happy, never, since
The simple people of Tennessee fine State—
Placed me on the chair gubernatorial,
Have I felt so exquisitively delighted,
With myself so well satisfied.
I find
The country in most respects prosperous,
But I am afraid that abominable tariff,
—That 42 bill of abominations—
Will play the de'il with your cucks,
But I'll fix that. Some little foreign
Disagreements, Oregon, Mexico, &c. &c.,
Ladies and Gentlemen, all moonshine;
Wise diplomacy, dictated by superior sagacity
And deliberative wisdom, such
As at the University I learned, will adjust
All difficulties, will like oil thrown
Upon the angry sea, the agitated waters
Calm. As to Oregon, all Oregon! yes;
Fifty-four, forty; all or none!
From that I'll *never* flinch. "I'll ask
Nothing but what is right, submit to
Nothing that is wrong."

ACT 2d.—*Scene First.*

Mr. Benton, the Whigs, and independent Democrats in the Senate, concluding a treaty adjusting the Oregon boundary line.

Second Scene.

J. K. P. Well, I'll swear I wouldn't sign this bill,
But two-thirds of the Senate say I must,
That's a mandamus constitutional,
I cannot *flinch* from that, so here goes
49
Signs the treaty.

Scene Third.

Office of Father Ritchie.

Thomas Ritchie—Reading a manuscript leader for the "Union"—

Let the nation come and bow
With willing homage, at the feet, of our
Most sovereign master; let it brighten
His fame throughout all time to come;
That during his administration,
That crooked Oregonian line
Has been straightened. Sing Poeans!
Let Greece and Rome—whose histories
I do love to quote—give back their dead,
To worship at this shrine!

[Senator Benton had entered unobserved while this was reading]

Senator B. Dear sir you do mistake,
Most wofully do *err*, 'twas I, the Whigs,
And some few Democrats, to whom
The honour's due for *settling* Oregon:
And on that peg I hoped, that I
Should one day hang a presidential coat.

Father R. Avaunt, cut out you "*mint drop*" lover,
Or with my cane I'll knock you over;
I guess I know as well as you,
To whom the well earned honor's due;
But, aint a man to have his joke
And make 'em 'em b'lieve 't is James K. Polk!!

[Exeunt.

ACT 2d.—*Scence First.*

A drop curtain before the stage on which has been painted by various travelling artists the unrivalled beauties of that Golconda of the West—Texas. Fair fields, romantic vallies, picturesque grottoes, make up the fore-ground; while far in the dim perspective are seen, the towering eminences, the snow capped pinnacles, of the Sierra Madre. The curtain very slowly ascends disclosing on the stage

James K. Polk retainers and others

Retainers "Hark! a glad voice our blessed country cheers;"
Prepare the way! A Polk! a Polk appears
Lo, earth receives him like one from the skies!
Sink, down, ye mountains; and ye vallies rise,
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay!
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
No sigh, no murmur, this wide land shall hear,
From every face, he wipes off every tear:
The tender Texans raises in arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall this *continent* his guardian care engage.
The welcome father of this happy age."

J. K. P. Thrice happy am I from your kind
Congratulations; and I feel flattered,
That from the garden of Old England's
Sweetest bard, ye such flowers have culled
As lend a fragrance to your greeting:
And in return I do give thee my thanks,
And with them, give thee this my souvnir
The praires, lowlands and savannahs rich
Of lovely Texas.

Benton—Aside—And with it give
As marriage dower, a bloody war.

Sam Houston—Aside—[Getting ashey, with Polk for taking all the credit of Texas.]
But I'm entitled to
The largest slice in that mince pie of honor
As I will one day show the world.

J. K. P. Behold! Admiring friends, hold
The "bloodless achievement!"
Clay and Benton—Aside—Time will decide
Whether so *bloodless.*

Scene Second.

National Palace.

Polk and Cabinet, Benton and others.
Polk feels alarmed, thinking of
Texian affairs—war in perspective.

J. K. P. Again I'm in a strait; most truly
Doth the Poet say,
"There are points from which we can command our life;
When the soul weeps the future like a glass:"
And oh I feel! poignantly feel!
"That coming things, full freighted with my fate
Jut out, dark in the offing of the mind;